

# EXPOSITION MEMORIES

PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION, SAN DIEGO, 1916

BY

GEORGE WHARTON JAMES

INTRODUCTION BY

CAROLINE REMONDINO FRANKLIN

A CHAPTER BY

BERTHA BLISS TYLER

AND THE PROSE AND POETIC WRITINGS OF

SAN DIEGO WRITERS

READ AT THE EXPOSITION




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## CHAPTER V

# THE SAN DIEGO WRITERS AND THEIR WORKS; WITH BIO- GRAPHICAL SKETCHES

E NOW come to the consideration of the special work of the writers of San Diego, that led to the preparation of this volume. When the presentation of their poems and other writings was made in the lecture series on California Literature, many well-read auditors expressed their surprise and high appreciation of the general excellence of the representative selections chosen for reading. The same expressions were repeated on the "Day" set apart for honoring the San Diego writers. In addition, a large number of the auditors voiced their desire that the selections read be gathered into book form, together with the history of the Literature Class, thus forming a souvenir or memorial volume of one phase of the educative, literary and altruistic work of the Exposition.

The work of each writer is preceded, where it was possible to secure it, with a brief biographical sketch. Where reference was made to work that is too extensive to quote from, the biographical sketch alone is given.

I make no claim that all the verses presented are great poetry, though some of them, and the stories, will bear full comparison with much that passes the judgment of the editors and critics. But I have not



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attempted to be too critical. In judging the work of unpretentious writers one does not need to be so severe and strict as when he scans the work of those who make literature their profession. I have kept before me, however, certain standards that I deem of importance in *all* work, whether done by professional or amateur. These are, first, the possession of the true urge of the writer—the something to say, either of beauty, uplift, warning, inspiration, or prophecy, for all may be couched in such form as makes true, pure literature; second, the possession of the true spirit in that one *feels* the power of his message, or its beauty, whether it makes any appeal to me, personally, or not; third, that it be given in humility and thanksgiving for the privilege, rather than in vanity for self-glorification; fourth, that it show forth conscious endeavor towards perfection in expression, for lazy, careless, slovenly, or wilfully ignorant work should never be tolerated.

I have contended, always, that I could not afford to lose the sight of one glorious cloud, floating in the blue sea of the heavens, though clouds are to be seen by the million; I cannot afford to miss one song of meadow-lark, thrush, linnet, sky-lark, nightingale, or mocking-bird, though one may hear them every hour of the day or night; I cannot afford to lose one violet, rose, poppy or other flower that comes before my eyes though there are countless millions of them; I cannot afford to lose one smile, one kind word, one beautiful or helpful thought though I may be receiving them every hour of the day. Hence, while the poems I read, and that are here presented, do not lay claim to be the works of genius, of power, or of



greatness, they are all worth while, in that I believe them to be sincere, earnest, humble and true desires toward worthy expression of things worth thinking and saying.

### *H. Austin Adams*

One of the literary men of San Diego County of whom its citizens are proud is H. Austin Adams, colloquially known as "The Sage of La Jolla." He has written half a dozen plays (including "The Landslide," "The Bird Cage," "The Acid Test," and "Lobster Salad"), which have been produced with popular success in San Diego and Los Angeles.

"God & Company" was taken by Marie Tempest and produced on Broadway by the New York Stage Society; it scored a triumph. Clayton Hamilton, the eminent critic, wrote of this play: "If it had been written by a Russian, or a Hungarian, or a Pole, it would already be hailed by the women's clubs as a work of genius. No words can convey the sardonic power of this play. It is the sort of play that America has always been waiting for.

"'Ception Shoals," Mr. Adams' latest play, was taken by the great actress Nazimova for production in New York, where it has been running for months, a great success.

"The Bird Cage" was taken for the Criterion Theatre, Picadilly, London.

Mr. Adams is at work on other plays dealing with certain characteristic phases of American life of today. Leading New York managers have asked Adams to furnish plays for the "stars" under their management; and critics like Clayton Hamilton, Augustus Thomas, Adolph Klauber, and others, already look upon him as a dramatist of commanding power, who must shortly achieve a foremost rank.

### *Robert H. Asher*

#### A SAN DIEGO MYSTERY

(A BALLADE)

'Tis New Year's Day and the soft winds blow,  
 The streets are alive with merry cheer—  
 Low overhead in the sunset glow  
 White-winged aëros are hovering near.

Where is the woe and withering fear,  
 The blizzard's howl and the wind's wild spree,  
 Old Jack Frost and his hideous leer—  
 Where then, Oh, where, may our Winter be?

Where is Our Winter of flying snow,  
 The emptying cellar of yester-year  
 When dark days come and dark days go  
 For many a week and fortnight drear?

Vainly I've searched over mountain and mere,  
 Down thro' the valleys and down to the sea—  
 In vain did I wander and peek and peer,  
 Where, then, Oh, where, may our Winter be?

Where is the Winter we once did know;  
 The ice-bound gardens barren and sere—  
 Vanished their beauty, their pride laid low,  
 Barren and empty, forbidding, austere?

Where is the mitt and the close-covered ear,  
 The double-glassed window and leafless tree,  
 The bitter cold and the quick-frozen tear,  
 Where, then, Oh, where, may our Winter be?

## ENVOY

Prince: I've wandered both far and near.  
 The land is filled with joy and glee,  
 Our Winter has gone—he is not here—  
 Where then, Oh, where, may our Winter be?

“BACK EAST!”

*Adaline Bailhache*

Adaline Bailhache was born in New York City. Her childhood and girlhood were spent in Illinois, Wisconsin and New Mexico before coming to California, where she has been living the past twenty years in San Diego and Coronado.

She was educated at an Episcopalian church school in Wisconsin and at Bethany College, Topeka, Kansas.

Her grandfather, John Bailhache, a native of the Island of Jersey, Channel Islands, and her father, Major William H. Bailhache, were editors and owners of newspapers; and her maternal grandfather, General Mason Brayman, a lawyer, was also an unpretentious writer. A small volume of his verse was published as a gift to his family and friends.

With a natural love of literature, poetry, music and art, Miss Bailhache has been prevented by ill health, and later by business